

White Cloud

Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS--\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIII.--NO. 12.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1869.

[WHOLE NO., 636.]

Choice Poetry.

WILL SHE VOTE?

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

To peaceful slum of home
In quietude and ease
As I sit down to rest
Change, the momentary
Through startled eyes her banner floats
Her radiant smile
Shrieking from her throat
"The Equal Rights of Women!"
They hear, and start, and then
As high as voices swell
Their lives and passions
That shriek triumphant
To many an eager spirit
To join the growing legion
In portals of the great
No less than lofty regions
And will she vote? is met no more
That which was fantasy before
That which was fantasy before
A weightier question than the time
A glimmer thought
While voices discord down the aisle
And harmony of years
To some the future years unfold
Chaste visions dim
Sweet customs, beautiful and old
Convened in court's hall
To others, the national flag
Reveals its glowing folds
A woman for the coming time
And man the lesser creature
But who are they who get pure
What fancies tempt to dream
Belief that God's law is law
Immediately the same
That this will cost her every pang
Wherever its possessor
And woman still continues
Old Father Adam found her
Walking said no trouble here
That through the paths of men
Wielding no earthly power
No less potent
During an untold time
And neither age nor sex
True womanhood has yet the "right"
Fancied can teach her
What mission better than to be
Home's angel little and fair
O, that in those calm looks we see
A mother's love
What greater purpose than to fill
The sacred office of day
And smile, with reverent skill
In readiness to help
Chairwomen of the temple
What wonder that she should
Whom a heavenly sanction sets
Authority divine
Thy church-congregations
To recognize their speaker
What privilege of enlightenment
More precious to the seeker
O, wrestling angels, lift no hand
To learn these duties
True daughters of our native land
Food mothers, faithful wives
Foes to our perils--and enemies, too
Of their sweet eyes unclouded
And drop your votes, while you say
Not Women, shall have votes!

Select Tale.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

I was a medical student in Paris, at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in midwinter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation. Passing through a rather lonely street, near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl, (at least so she appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp,) who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon her, "and so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will buy and assist me?" she said.

"Do you really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why are all these flowers returned?"

"This street is little frequented, and it is about the last in the world I should have selected for wealth and fashion."

"She sighed, and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?"

"Five francs."

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plenty."

"To aid you, I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite silver coin; "for though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at so great an expense."

"She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up to me, and said:

"Could monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician, who will turn out to-night and see a patient for a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours?"

"My mother!" with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a high fever, for one thing."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a doctor at once?"

"We hoped she would get better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

Useful and Curious.

THE FUN OF THE THING.

FOR THE FARMER.

Nice Dishes for Invalids.
We give the following recipes to our readers; knowing them to be excellent, as we have tried them:

APPLE WATER.
Roast three or four good apples, carefully preserving all the juice; put them in a pitcher and pour on a quart of boiling water. Drink when cold.

JELLY RICE.
Put a teaspoonful of rice to three pints of milk, add a little salt, cover close, and let it simmer three hours. Beat well, put into moulds, and eat as blanc mange, with sugar and cream.

GRAPE JUICE.
Put a cup of raisins in a quart of water, boil hard half an hour. Mix two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, with a little cold water and salt, and stir it with raisins. Let it boil up, and skim it well. Sweeten with white sugar and a little nutmeg. This is very nourishing.

TOAST WATER.
Two slices of stale bread toasted to nice brown, pour over a pint of water and a few teaspoonfuls of good vinegar; add sugar and nutmeg to suit taste.

DEFT TEA.
Cut a piece of lean, juicy beef into small pieces, put them into a wide-mouthed bottle in a kettle of cold water, and boil it for an hour and a half. Season with salt.

BARLEY WATER.
Wash two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, and add a quart of water and a little salt. Simmer slowly for an hour. Half a cup of raisins make it richer. When cold, put in lemon juice and sugar.

PANADA.
Set a pint of water on the stove and add a little sugar, nutmeg and lemon, crumb up some stale white bread, and as soon as the water boils stir in the bread, letting it boil fast a few minutes. Add a small bit of butter if allowable.

DIET-BREAD.
Have a pint of water boiling hot and stir in slowly three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal; add a little salt and boil half an hour. Eat with milk, molasses or sugar.

Useful and Curious.

THE FUN OF THE THING.

FOR THE FARMER.

THE GRASSES--Hay and Pasture.
From an excellent article in the Rural New Yorker, we take the following:
Farmers should acquire a knowledge of grasses, their individual peculiarities, adaptation to different soils, climates and circumstances, and their relative value for different kinds of stock. Our timely different kinds of grasses, which grow in a swamp at Piscatawa, up in New Hampshire, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and was taken over to England a hundred years since, just about the time that the British farmers first commenced the cultivation of the grasses, for the dependence upon that time upon their grain crops and the wild herbage of their marshes and dry lands. The timothy grass is unexcelled for hay, in view of its adaptation to our climate and soil, its nutritive qualities, and abundant yield; still as a pasture grass it should seldom be sown alone. There are grasses which if mixed with it will make a more compact turf, will start earlier in the spring, while some will remain fresher during the summer heat, and some will better endure the winter cold in exposed position. By a combination, then, you may secure valuable results. Red-top, though well known, is not by any means cultivated as extensively as it should be. The seed is not generally kept for sale by seedsmen, but it is left to make its own way in the world; like an unencouraged genius it is seldom heard from. Clover is appreciated, and as a fertilizer to be plowed under it is above all price; not very desirable for pasture, when cut early and saved well it makes the lambs rejoice and thrive exceedingly. Blue-grass, for fast horses, is worthy of the attention of fast men. I refer to our blue-grass, not the Kentucky blue-grass; it is exceedingly hardy, and so nutritious that a small buck will suffer if it is not suited to road horses, liable to hard driving. Orchard grass is worthy of trial; it starts quick after being cut or cropped, grows well in the shade, and cut early makes good hay. Without mentioning other varieties, let me urge you to acquire yourselves with them by observation, experiment and reading. "Flint on the Grasses" is a work you will do well to consult.

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Miscellaneous.

IN QUIET DAYS.

BY CARL SPENCER.

The dying year grows strangely mild;
Now in the busy Autumn weather,
My heart is like a happy child,
And life is like a happy child,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days are sweet and still
As waters slipping over sand,
Seeking the shadow of a willow,
To gather tender light from the fall
Day's over-land breeze.

The summer wood with winds and rain,
The daisy's head in a tremulous breeze,
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which breathes with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

Oh, faintest month of all the year!
Oh, sweetest days in life that meet;
Within, without, in Autumn cheer,
September here, September here,
No truce and no sweet.

Oh, have I watched all night with grief,
All night with grief, and all night with grief,
Ah, both were sleep, and both were sleep!
My heart was like a bird whose nest
I give them both for rest.

Pair, quiet, close to joy allied,
But loving shadow waits to keep,
By day is over at my side,
And all night long with me abide
Peace and her sister, Sleep.

JERUSALEM.

A City Beneath a City--Pompeii and Herculaneum Repeated--Results of Recent Explorations.

The subterranean explorations which have been carried on at Jerusalem by Lieut. Warren on behalf of a British association known as the Palestine Exploration Society, leave no doubt that the city which was hallowed by the feet of the Saviour of mankind, and which was the scene of the most solemn events in the history of the world, still exists, buried beneath the modern Jerusalem as Pompeii and Herculaneum are buried beneath the lava and ashes of Vesuvius. Lieut. Warren commenced his explorations in February, 1867, and reports the results of his explorations up to February of this year have been published. He has sunk twenty-four shafts in different parts of the city, besides making excavations at the pool of Bethesda and at Siloam, and has driven galleries from these shafts to the distance of many hundred feet. Until these investigations had been commenced, the belief was general that not only had the ancient Jerusalem been razed to the ground, but that it had been cleared away from its site so that not a vestige of it could be found. Innumerable explorations of the modern city above the ground had been made; and it was supposed that all the notable portions of the new city had been correctly identified with the corresponding portions of the ancient. But it now seems to be shown that the greater part of these supposed identifications have been based on fallacies. The disappearance of the old city is, in fact, one of the most marvelous things in history. Here was a city, famous for its size, magnificence, and beauty, "the joy of the whole earth," the history of which, from its foundation up to the period of its capture by the Romans, was known and recorded with unparalleled minuteness, suddenly wiped out from the face of the earth, with nothing left to mark its site but gigantic heaps of ruins, on which, after the lapse of centuries, a small and ugly looking town was built. From the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus down to the fourth century, the history of the city is a blank; but, from the

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